

The **AUTHOR** **& JOURNALIST**

MAY, 1925

The Series Story

By A. H. Bittner
Associate Editor, The Frontier

More Laughs in Literature, Please!

*Observations of Ellis Parker Butler,
Reported by Justine Mansfield*

Theme in Article-Writing

By Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

How to Use the Rhyming Dictionary

By Hazel Harper Harris

The Literary Market

*What the Magazines Are Buying, Prize
Contests, Changes*

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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST'S Literary Market Tips

Gathered Monthly from Authoritative
Sources

Everybody's Magazine, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York, heretofore using only fiction, will make a change in editorial content to be reflected in the June issue, published May 15th. A member of the staff writes: "Your readers will undoubtedly be interested in the new non-fiction needs of *Everybody's*. Non-fiction contributions may vary in length from 1000 to 5000 words. The story interest, the human appeal, should predominate, and whenever possible should be focused on an interesting personality, man or woman. True stories of success, not necessarily material success, or about celebrities, are wanted, as are also stories of persons who are doing something significant or out of the ordinary in the business, professional, art, industrial, sports or amusement worlds. Stories of unique or colorful crafts, occupations, hobbies and diversions are of interest to us, stories about quaint or picturesque American customs, and stories emphasizing the human-interest aspects of family, community and institutional activities. Preference is given to subjects that can be illustrated with photographs. When in doubt about the suitability of an article, send us a brief description or outline instead of finished manuscript. *Everybody's* purchases first American serial rights only and payment is made on acceptance."

North-West Stories is the new title of *Novelets* published by the Glen-Kel Publishing Co., Inc., at 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, J. B. Kelly, editor. It will use short-stories and novelettes of the adventure type embodying Northern, North-western and Western atmosphere. S. G. Pond, associate editor, writes: "All stories for this magazine must be clean and wholesome, as this is the keynote of the magazine. With the 'spirit of the great North and West reproduced in these yarns, the outdoor atmosphere must be strong and the characters rugged, heroic people. Romance and sentiment are invited if they, too, are kept rugged and the woman element is incidental. Chivalry, honor and personal sacrifice for friendship and noble causes are especially desirable. It is evident that sentiment enters here and is very desirable (not love stuff) if genuine and wholesome."

Saucy Stories, 45 W. Forty-fifth Street, New York, will change its name to *Heart-to-Heart Stories* with the June issue.

Paris Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minn., pays \$2 to \$5 for drawings, \$1 up for jokes, and liberal rates for skits and features upon acceptance.

Complete Novel Magazine is a new publication printed by the Novel Magazine Corporation at 188 W. Fourth Street, New York. B. A. MacKinnon, Jr., is president, H. K. Fly, secretary and treasurer. It uses short special articles and long fiction stories. One complete novel is printed in each issue. Manuscripts are solicited—rates and methods of payment not stated.

Fine Arts Publications, Inc., 15 Park Row, New York, "is in the market for snappy short-stories, articles and verse, all along art lines, for a new magazine," according to the editor, Freeman H. Hubbard. The material should not be heavy; preferably a combination of risqué and technicality. Stories must be brief, and center around art, artists or models, preferably models. Articles must be brief, with a Bohemian or Latin Quarter tendency. No hackneyed subjects. Serious short intimate interviews with, and articles about, professional models and chorus girls, as well as revelations, confessions, etc., are desired. Humorous material will be considered. Rates depend upon character of material.

The Radigram made its first appearance with the April issue from 81 Nassau Street, New York, Mrs. Mary Adams Smith, editor. Mrs. Smith announces: "This magazine will carry the broadcasting programs for the coming week; pictures and stories about the broadcasters and artists, and anything, in fact, pertaining to radio that will interest the woman as well as the man. We are looking for stories about women and the radio—how women use their sets; what enjoyment or help they receive over the air; do women build sets or conduct experiments or stores? Humorous experiences also are desired, also short witty epigrams or jingles and interesting original photographs. Material is reported on promptly and paid for on acceptance. Nothing of a technical nature is wanted." Rates paid for material are not stated.

Excella, 222 W. Thirty-ninth Street, New York, "will no longer publish the strictly confessional type of fiction," announces the editor, Irmengarde Eberle. "We will hereafter publish, largely, third-person stories of the following type: They must appeal to women. They should be exciting but not sensational. They should have good plots, good action and vivid characters. We will use the society story, the love and marriage problem story, the adventure story, the story with a business background, the mystery story, etc., but all these only when the love theme, the romance, is the main thing in the story. We will also use light verse of charm and sentiment, preferably short things from four to sixteen lines."

Popular Mechanics Magazine, 200 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, L. K. Weber, managing editor, writes: "Our demand is for pictures and descriptions of things which are so new that there is not one chance in a hundred that any considerable percentage of our readers have ever seen them or anything like them. Our principal efforts are directed toward covering new developments in the fields of science, industry and invention or things which are new and novel."

(Continued on Page 24)

Prize Contests

Triple-X Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minn., offers three prizes totaling \$50 each month for experiences of readers of the magazine to be used in a department known as the "Readers' Rodeo, A Prize Roundup of Thrills." Contributors are advised to study a copy of the magazine before submitting their experiences. Old Timer, judge of the Triple-X Readers' Rodeo, advises that a photograph of the relator is as necessary as the article itself. No experience should be related in more than 1000 words. The prizes, starting with the August, 1925, issue of *Triple-X*, will be as follows: First prize, \$25; second prize, \$15; third prize, \$10. Articles given honorable mention will be paid for at the regular rates. Owing to the large number of contributions received in the Readers' Rodeo, Old Timer finds it impossible to return unsuccessful experiences. Contributors are advised to keep carbon copies and to watch for announcements of the winners. Contributions should be typewritten, double-spaced, and on one side of the paper. The contributor's name and address should be placed in the upper left-hand corner of the title page. Address contributions to "Old Timer, Readers' Rodeo, *Triple-X*, Robbinsdale, Minn."

Ziffs has moved from Maywood, Ill., to 608 S. Dearborn Street, Room 550, Chicago. It is offering three prizes of \$50, \$25 and \$10 and ten yearly subscriptions to *Ziffs* for the best answers to the following: "Supposing the Devil came to you as he did to Faust and offered to give you anything you wanted in one wish of 150 words or less, in exchange for your immortal soul, what would you say?" Send replies to Contest Editor by July 15, 1925.

The publishers of "*The Cure of Self-Consciousness*," Robert K. Haas, Inc., 218 W. Fortieth Street, New York, announce that they will pay \$50 for each story accepted for publication telling of authentic cases in which self-consciousness has caused excruciating embarrassment, or, better still, of people whose careers have been checked because they were always self-conscious and timid. No names will be given in publishing the stories.

The Bonbright Prize and the American Superpower Corporation award, totaling \$20,000, have been announced. These prizes are to be awarded for the best contemporary reviews and forecasts of the electric light and power industry to be written in the form of articles summarizing the progress of the decade 1920-1930, and dated as of January 1, 1930. The articles must be submitted on or before May 18, 1925, to Van H. Cartmell, Secretary, care of Bonbright & Co., Inc., 25 Nassau Street, New York. The Bonbright prize of \$10,000 will be awarded June, 1925, as follows: 1st prize, \$5000; 2nd, \$1000. 3rd, \$500; ten prizes of \$250 each and ten prizes of \$100 each. The American Superpower Corporation award will be made January, 1930, when \$10,000 will be given for the article which, reviewed again in 1930, shall appear to have most nearly approximated the facts as they eventuate. The competition is open to all. A "Data Book" of basic electric power and light statistics as generally accepted in the industry, is available for contestants free upon request.

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The Story of Oswald

By Ross Ellis

"I'LL be a writer," Oswald said, "and win to great renown. Eftsoon my chastely modeled head will wear a laurel crown; and worshipers, when I am dead, will flock from every town. They'll hang gay garlands on the pump where I have drunk at gloam; their reverent feet will tread each bump where I have chanced to roam; they will immortalize this dump because it was my home."

So Oswald got a pad or two of paper clean and white, and pencils black and red and blue, and hid himself from sight of all except a chosen few who also yearned to write. Each morn he rose at early hour, ere lesser folk had waked, and hied him to a lonely tower, his thirst for ART unslaked, and sat about with visage sour and thought until he ached.

Then, when the town-clock's brazen bell had clanged the hour of noon, he would ejaculate "Oh Hell!" and seek companions boon who also had their tales to tell of work not yet but soon. Down to its final hidden lair each story germ they stalked, their untold tales they would compare while o'er the mead they walked, and as the breeze blew through their hair they talked and talked and talked.

When Oswald died his kinsfolk called the undertaker old, and soon thereafter he was hauled unto the churchyard cold and in the family vault was walled, unblessed by fame or gold. No pilgrims to his native town their flying flivvers chauff, to drop a tear or lay a crown upon this futile oaf, who thought he sought for Art's renown but only sought to loaf.

The Series Story

*Character Interest the Essential Feature of a Short-Story Series;
Why Many Try and Few Succeed in This
Type of Fiction*

By A. H. Bittner

Associate Editor of The Frontier; Author of "What an Editor Wants"



A. H. BITTNER

I had known him for years; his ambitions were mine; his hopes, his fears mine. Gladly would I have followed him through many more thousands of words—yet that was the last I ever saw of him; in all probability that was the full measure of his ephemeral existence in fiction.

What a waste! Surely a character so likeable and well drawn that he can firmly grip a reader's interest is worth more than one short story. What a loss to fiction it would have been if Conan Doyle had written one story about Sherlock Holmes and then discarded a character destined to find world-wide popularity. What a loss if Cappy Ricks had appeared once and then passed out of fiction; if Scattergood Baines had had his one little fiction adventure and then disappeared for all time. And so with dozens of the well-known characters of fiction that have run through a series of stories.

The series is the logical future for an outstanding character, and too often fiction-writers waste in one effort material which

well might be developed and improved in a dozen or more stories. Yet the writing of a series of stories is one of the most difficult problems a writer faces; many try and few succeed. Usually failure follows because the character around which the series is written hardly justifies a single short-story, much less a series. Particularly is a beginner prone to develop an ordinary character and immediately write a dozen stories around it. The dozen all come to the editorial office at once—and all go back on the same rejection slip. That is exactly not the way to attempt a series of stories.

L. PATRICK GREENE is one of the most successful present-day writers of the series story; thousands of readers have read the series written around "Zari, Witch-Doctor," which came out in *Adventure*. A million readers his publishers claim for the series of "Major" stories which has appeared in *Short Stories* and *Everybody's*. Indeed, these stories of the "Major" have been so successful that Mr. Greene has written a novel around this interesting character. "The Major—Diamond Buyer," is a very fine example of the extent to which a good character can be used. And Greene is still using him.

"The series story gives the short-story writer a chance to compete with the writer of novels and serials," Greene gives as one of his reasons for preferring this form of fiction. "In a single short-story a writer is rarely able to make a sufficiently striking impression on a reader to insure recognition the next time his name appears in print. But when you write a good short-story around a striking character, a likeable and human character, you do get under the reader's skin. Then, when you come along with a second story about the same char-

acter, the reader recognizes a pleasant fellow with whom he has had a previous acquaintance—and goes on from where he left off, much in the way of the serial. When story number three arrives, if its predecessors have been good, the reader greets it with decided pleasure and anticipation. And the writer has developed a ‘following,’ a body of readers who will look forward to more of his stories about this character.”

A SERIES of stories, if written properly, is likely to improve as it progresses; the writer, like his readers, begins to know his character better and can portray it more convincingly. For real character-drawing a writer must live with his character; yet, if that character is to be used but once, the writer, of course, can afford to live with it for only a short time. Just as living with a human friend gradually brings out many of his fine and at first unsuspected points, so living with a character friend gradually brings out many little sidelights which on shorter acquaintance would have been lost. Thus, as the series goes on, it automatically develops its primary necessity—an outstanding character.

“First and foremost,” Mr. Greene advises those who attempt the series story, “never write a series story unless you have a story to tell and feel like writing it. Nothing is so fatal to the success of a series as writing without a story. It is just as important that you have a real story that can stand up on its two feet, when you are writing it around a series character, as when it is to be an independent tale. More so. To try to make your character drag along a plotless story is the surest way to kill him. Often when a writer has a series character fairly well established, it is a sore temptation at times to make the series pay the weekly household bills. You need a hundred dollars? All right, bang off another Bill Smith story; XYZ Magazine will take it to keep Bill Smith going. Don’t do it! Probably the editor will turn it down anyway; if it does get by him it will be a disappointment to your readers who expect something better of a Bill Smith story. Never tackle a series story unless you have a real story to tell, feel like telling it, and are sure that you can do justice to your character. Otherwise you will kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.”

MOST editors demand that a series story be a complete entity in itself, that it stand up on its own feet without leaning for support on the series. Many new readers approach a magazine each issue, and nothing is more disappointing and irritating to one of these than to start reading a story only to find that he cannot understand it because of allusions and references to other stories which he has not read. New readers will come to your series with each story; they will know nothing of what has gone before, and it is your job to make them feel perfectly at home. If you have done your job properly they will in no way miss what has gone before, will not even know there has been a “before”; for them the series will begin with that particular story.

In ending as well as in introduction, the series story should be complete in itself. A series of short-stories is not analogous to a movie serial in which the writer purposely plans to leave each episode up in the air. The series story must be complete so that, if your reader never buys another copy of the magazine in which the series is running, he will nevertheless have read a complete story. In short, the individual stories of a series should be related to each other only through the central character running through all of them.

The other extreme from the story that depends upon its predecessors is the story which contains a mass of repetition. Although new readers will approach your series with each story, thousands of regular readers will follow it from story to story. They do not want, each time, a tiresome resume of what has gone before. They want to begin this story just as if it were an independent story, except that they have the advantage of knowing the character. If in each story they run into four or five paragraphs of recapitulation they will be bored; the second chewing is never palatable, and it is often offensive to the reader, implying that his memory was not equal to the task of recalling what had gone before.

Likewise, if your reader meets four or five paragraphs of stock description in each story, he will soon be disgusted. Repetition does not always make for convincingness. I know of no better way to make a wooden dummy out of a series character than to describe him minutely and in the same way in each story; it soon is as if you presented

stock character A-26 instead of an interesting human study.

It is this knowing how far to go, this delicate balance between too much repetition and not enough facts to make the story self-sustaining, which calls for all a writer's skill in handling the series story. To avoid repetition, introduce your character by a different method in each story. Once open with him, next have several persons speaking about him, then open with a scene which builds up to the point where he enters. Don't lard in the description in thick chunks. Work in the details here and there so that before he knows it the new reader has a complete picture of your character—and the old reader has not been offended by the repetition; in fact if you handle it well he will be pleased as he recognizes the familiar traits reappearing.

OCCASIONALLY it is necessary and desirable to recount briefly the circumstances of a former story. Suppose the central character is Jones, a detective who convicted Red Smith in story number one. In story number three or four Jones clashes with Watkins, a crony of Smith's, who is out to avenge the convict. To give the new reader a proper perspective and a proper understanding of Watkins's attitude, it is necessary that the facts of story number one be recounted briefly. Don't write a four- or five-page condensation of story number one and insert it in the new story. This method will only confuse the new reader and will displease those who have read the first story. Instead, incorporate the necessary explanation in a paragraph or so, preferably in conversation. Perhaps Watkins can state his grievance to a crony; or two other characters, talking over Jones's conviction of Smith, can give the necessary background. Always remember to make it short and inconspicuous, to give your new reader a complete understanding of the situation without offending the old stand-by.

And also remember that no editor likes to feel that you are trying to run up the wordage by repeating stories for which he has already paid. If your story needs pages of explanation and rehash of other stories to put it across, there is something radically wrong with it; it cannot stand on its own feet. It will not measure up to the series-story requirements. Better not attempt it.

Anthony M. Rud is another writer who has had wide success with the series story, particularly with detective-story series. Incidentally, the detective story lends itself most readily to the series treatment—and, by the same token, detective stories are best developed through this style. Generally speaking, the detective story is successful in proportion to the interest aroused in its central character; through the series this character has an opportunity to develop and become something more than an automaton, a lifeless creation of words.

Mr. Rud finds two main difficulties in handling the series story, keeping the stories different and keeping the character the same. Unless a writer is extremely careful, the series stories will soon become stereotyped, cut and dried. That is fatal. The stories of a series must be different, must be individual and distinctive just as much as the unrelated stories. As soon as the series loses this charm of originality its readers will fall away from it. Indeed, to keep the series story distinctive and at the same time endow it with an appealing sense of familiarity, of old-friendliness, demands all of a writer's skill.

"As the series goes along," Mr. Rud observes, "you find yourself becoming more and more cramped and restricted. You start out with Thompson, the series character, having a given set of characteristics which you present in the first story. In the second story you find some of these a bit inconvenient and find it necessary to introduce others. By the third and fourth stories you start wishing you had never given him this or that trait in story number one. Then along comes a perfectly fine story that you simply can't write because Thompson's character cannot be reconciled to the traits necessary in the new situation.

"And unless you are mighty careful you will have your series character contradicting himself from story to story. Not only must his physical appearance be the same throughout; but his mental conception, his reaction to situation, must be uniform."

To keep the series character consistent Mr. Rud advocates a complete sketching of the character at the beginning. With a complete list of his physical and mental traits laid out before you the chances of contradiction are greatly lessened.

NO, the series story is not an easy way to squeeze extra checks out of an ordinary yarn. Far from it! The series story demands an extraordinarily good character

to start with; it demands plots of the best, and a handling that will require the utmost of tact and skill. Yet it is well worth the effort. In many ways it is the stepping-stone to the novel.

More Laughs in Literature, Please!

*Some Observations of Ellis Parker Butler, Including the Sad
History of Oleander P. Collik, as Reported*

By Justine Mansfield

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, author of many humorous stories, chief among which is the well-known "Pigs Is Pigs," believes that not enough present-day writers are writing humor. He sent the following letter to the Writers' Club (New York) recently, which will give an indication of his feelings in the matter:

Flushing, New York.

To the Writers:

As the year closes and the new one begins, may I call your attention and that of your society to one of the saddest cases of deprivation that has come to my attention, and beg you and my fellow members to do what they can to relieve the pitiable condition of one of their fellow human beings? The case is registered as No. 54,872 by the S. P. C.

This man, Oleander P. Collik, is now a resident of Flushing, N. Y., but he was born at Calamus, Kansas. While he was yet an infant, his mother inserted in his mouth a rubber nipple with nothing on the other end but a bone nubbin, saying to him, "Suck, you little son-of-a-gun!" As a result of this Oleander presently developed wind on the stomach, complicated by distention of the large intestine, or colon, and distressing pain in the small intestine, or semi-colon, leading to permanent acidity of the hyphen and other parts of speech.

Because of the poverty of the family, Oleander P. Collik was not given proper medical attention at the time. Their pov-

erty was dire and became direr and direr. For some years the only food Oleander was able to obtain was boiled cornhusks, second-hand rubber boots, wood ashes and cast-off harness buckles. This, naturally, increased the irritation of the peritoneum, produced a raw spot on the epiglottis, and undermined one corner of the duodenum, letting it fall into the hypophosphate. The caloric gas then ascended into the intermediate interstices and fermented there, turning his belly sour and giving his face the sad and wistful expression of a cow that has swallowed a porcupine.

At the time Mr. Collik came to Flushing this condition had become chronic, if not indeed permanent, and he was never seen without his left hand pressed against a portion of his body I cannot name before ladies, but which the great Russian realist so cleverly calls the "tummy," in those immortal lines—

*There was an old fellow named Hummy
Whose face with deep frowns was all
gummy;*

*When asked why he scowled
He stood up and howled:
Gosh! I got such a pain in my tummy.*

As a result of this gloominess on the part of Oleander P. Collik, and his continual circulating in and around Flushing, southern New York, New Jersey and the northern portion of Delaware, a nucleus of depression appeared which has spread over the United States, creating a sadness and de-

pression in many thousands of inhabitants. This, working inwards through the liver, spleen, vermiform appendix and other attachments, has petrified the tutti-frutti, or mouth muscles, so that there are now millions of Americans who are practically unable to laugh on their own hook, and do not laugh at all unless they are primed like a pump.

My plea is that more of our members devote their obvious talents to creating matter that will give these millions of Americans with stringhalted faces a chance to laugh. *We need more humor.* I estimate that the market, in 1925, can absorb 798 cars of humor easily and without being foundered. And it don't make any difference what kind of humor. *We need all kinds*—refined, unrefined, slapstick, humor on the hoof, F.O.B., C.O.D., A.B.C., or F.P.A. Or even B.V.D. Anything with a laugh in it. Of if you can't put a laugh in it, anything with a smile in it. Or a grin, or a chortle. We need humor more than we need France to pay her debt. We need humor more than we need booze. *The magazines will pay top prices for medium-grade humor right now, every day in the week, and for any real humor they will slit their bank accounts open with a razor and just let the dollars splash.*

The time has come for some of our writers who have been sweating over sweet little tales of cockeyed loons who take carving knives and slit their grandpas' gizzards because Olga bit a piece out of Ulgia's ear, to kick Olga in the knickerbockers and write something we can laugh it. It is time some of us who have been musing around in gloom, at \$50 per story, spent half the work on something humorous and got \$500 for it. The only reason we don't is because we are lazy—mentally lazy. Humor means work.

There are no longer any great humorists in America—not one! Any third-rate humorist sticks up like a sore thumb now, and can have garlands and flags and medals and ham and caviar sandwiches hung all over him by a grateful public. Even those who started right, like J. George Frederick, who hit high with *Breezy*, have gone back on us. It's a sad world.

I don't know what you can do about this.

I might suggest that you set aside the place of honor at each meeting for the man or woman who has had the best piece of humorous writing published that month. Have a gold chair for him or her, with a red-velvet canopy and two little niggers to spray him or her with Djer Kiss, and a brass sign, "The Hottest Baby in Our Bunch." Crown him or her with a wreath and doll him or her up in a crimson brocade robe edged with ermine. Or, if that don't bring out the humorous talent, give her or him, his or her feed free. That ought to fetch something. There's nothing that makes me feel so gay and joyous and humorous as a free feed, but I'm *hors concours* or *non compos mentis* or *E Pluribus Unum* in this affair, or something like that. I'm already sold on this thing. I'm doing my best at it already. I don't have to be shown. I've got a little pain in my own tummy and I know what a laugh is worth to a poor human American citizen these days.

Yours sincerely,

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

MR. BUTLER also talked to the Writers' Club on this subject recently.

"Write humor—more humor," urged—or almost begged—Mr. Butler, adding that most of our deadly serious stuff is really funny, whereas a salient part of our humorous writing has real seriousness.

There were some hilariously funny illustrations of humor by Mr. Butler, and he gave as follows the difference between wit and humor.

"Humor," he said, "makes a picture and appeals to the eye—wit appeals to the ear."

Mr. Butler was kind enough to give the Writers' Club the benefit of his knowledge and analysis of humor. He said humor arises from four distinct and separate methods of approach:

1. *Burlesque or parody*
2. *Exaggeration*
3. *Unsophistication*
4. *Incongruity; surprise.*

Most amateurs at humor, he says, mix things by using more than one kind. One must stay at the pitch selected and not change from one to the other.

The Art of Sabatini

By Edwin Hunt Hoover

(Concluded)

WITNESS the terrific climax in "Scaramouche": The Revolutionaries have prevailed. Paris is being sacked, raped, murdered by the licentious, covetous rabble—the very men Andre-Louis has incited to action! He is disgusted with the use they make of their power. Moreover, Aline and the Countess de Plougastel are beleaguered in the former's home. They are Aristocrats who are fair game for the lust-mad invaders. To show themselves on the streets will be to become the playthings of the mob. To remain will lead to the same fate when the Revolutionaries reach the house. His love for Aline, hopeless enough, still burns high; and even if it did not, he would scarcely be a man if he did not do everything in his power to save her. Also, while arranging for passports to permit him to conduct Aline from Paris, he learned through de Kercadiou that Madame de Plougastel was his mother!

Having obtained passports that give the two women, a coachman and himself safe-conduct through the terror-ridden city, he goes to Countess de Plougastel's house, where he informs that worthy lady and Aline of their salvation. The Madame prepares to flee and asks Andre-Louis if he is sure the safe-conduct includes the coachman, who accompanies her, dressed in a greatcoat, muffled and with a broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his face.

Have you forgotten La Tour? He is the coachman—come to the de Plougastel home a fugitive, wounded, seeking sanctuary. Naturally he wants to be near Aline and to protect her to the end: Madame Plougastel is his friend; he is fighting her battles; her house is one of the very few that have been able to withstand the siege. Where else would he go?

La Tour hears Madame de Plougastel make arrangements for the coachman's departure; he himself is that coachman. Muffled and disguised, Andre-Louis will never know him. Yet so great is his manhood that he will not take advantage of the situation. Proudly, sternly, he steps into the room and says:

"Monsieur, I cannot take advantage of your ignorance. If these ladies can persuade you to save me, at least it is your due to know whom you are saving." He was ready to perish as he had lived, without fear and without deception. He was vile in many respects; he brooked no interference; he was arrogant; he was cruel. But he was the most valiant of the valorous. To his code, escape through deception of his enemy would be dishonor.

Here once more Sabatini, having rescued his hero and heroine (or shown the way to do so), plunges them again into direst dilemma. What does Andre-Louis do? He laughs!

"You laugh?" said M. de La Tour d'Azyr frowning, offended.

"It is so damnably amusing," said Andre-Louis. "The unexpected always moves me so. Tonight you are the one thing I never expected to find you; an honest man. Because of that I am disposed to be lenient. I give you three minutes—to take measures for your safety. What happens afterward is no concern of mine."

Then occurs a nerve-racking suspense of some two thousand words, including three crises as poignant as the main issue, until La Tour draws his pistol to shoot Andre-Louis; and the latter is prepared for a pistol duel. This is another fearful crisis. Which of the pair will die? Andre-Louis? La Tour? "The nobleman, of course," you say. The answer is: "Neither!" For the Countess, panting, haggard, gasping, on the verge of hysteria, "flung at last a terrible barrier between the hatred of these men, each intent on taking the other's life."

"He is your father, Andre! Gervais! He is your son—your son— The letter on the table— Oh, my God!"

INCREDIBLE as it seems, all of "Scaramouche" has been devised to this end—the crashing denouement. Look back through the pages of the book and you will see the premise for it: Implacable, arrogant, cunning ingenuous, courageous—and honorable—father and son, each unknown to

the other (for La Tour never had been told that he was a parent), had been in conflict throughout a period of four tempestuous years. They were rivals for the same girl! La Tour had debauched his son's fiancée, Climene! They were naturally opposed—political enemies. In them both was—But, to put it in the words of La Tour:

"You are hard. But I recognize the hardness. It derives from the blood you bear."

As a result of this disclosure, would you, the reader, expect father and son to have a sentimental reunion? Would you look for one to die protecting the other? If so, you will be disappointed—or surprised anew—for nothing so conventional or expected happens.

"Destiny is an intelligent force, moving with purpose," the nobleman declares to Andre-Louis. "In life we pay for the evil that in life we do. By an act of betrayal I begot, unknown to me, a son who, while ignorant as myself of our relationship, has come to be the evil genius of my life, to cross and thwart me and finally to pull me down in ruin. It is just—poetically just. My full and resigned acceptance of that fact is the only atonement I can offer you."

And Andre-Louis proffers his father a paper. "It is the safe-conduct. Take it, Monsieur. It is my first and last gift to you—and certainly the last gift I should ever have thought of making you—the gift of life. The irony, sir, is not mine, but Fate's."

They bow formally to each other—this strange father and son—and La Tour passes out of Andre-Louis' life. No "hokum"; none of the "sickly sentimentality" used by many writers in an effort to "gain an effect." The men conduct themselves with a fidelity to characterization that is as natural as life itself; they exhibit breeding, courage, resignation, honesty, *repression* that dramatizes and emotionalizes the tableau more powerfully than any conceivable amount of "dry sobs," "manly tears," or reconciliation.

But how did Andre-Louis and the ladies get out of Paris if one of the safe-conducts was in possession of La Tour? Simple enough. The party left Paris without a coachman. There was none to take, anyhow.

Andre-Louis conducts his mother—the Countess—and Aline to de Kercadiou's estate near Gavrillac that night. In the morning he is astir early, wandering about and contemplating his future. He is nauseated by

his own political party, which has shown its inability to rule anything—even itself. He has bought a farm and will remain on it till conditions become more settled. He is through with revolutions and incendiary leadership.

Thus Aline finds him and in the ensuing dialogue they "find" one another—Andre-Louis discovering that she had never been in love with La Tour or even contemplated a "marriage of convenience" with him except during the time when Andre-Louis was engaged to Climene.

The concluding pages of "Scaramouche" are brisk. To "tie up the loose ends of plot" consumes only six pages, and there is much to be accomplished in this short space. But Sabatini, having ended the suspense of the narration, loses no time in completing the story:

"Oh blind Andre!" says Aline. "It has always been you—always—"

"I am dreaming, of course, or else I am mad," he replies. (You will notice particularly that Andre-Louis, his egotism gone, concedes that *he* may be mad!)

"Blind, Andre; just blind."

"Blind only where it would have been presumption to have seen."

"And yet," she answered him with a flash of the Aline he had known of old. "I never have found you lacking in presumption."

Thus de Kercadiou finds them holding hands and "staring beatifically at each other as if they saw Paradise in the other's eyes."

IN "Scaramouche" none of the mechanical devices of authorship are *apparent*. They are there, of course, but so smoothly do they operate that one has to analyze the story closely in order to find them. There are no customary "tricks," such as overheard conversations or half-uttered speeches, to pique curiosity. The action of the tale engages the reader's attention at all times.

Very little information is withheld from the reader, and that little is supplied by inference, subtly couched in phraseology that, for smoothness, is a model of English faultlessly used. This is consummate art when it is considered that "Scaramouche" is packed with "surprises," none of them artificial. They are logical effects resulting from given causes. Motivation is handled with meticulous care. If a crisis develops in Chapter Five, you will find preparation for it in Chapter Two. But even as you look

over the book and see the careful groundwork, you sometimes wonder if Sabatini knew how well he builded. Did he chew a pencil when his characters faced a crisis, and mumble: "What'll I have 'em do next?" One fancies not and is constrained to believe that Sabatini builds the foundation of his story having definitely in mind the nature of the proposed superstructure. The first sentence of "Scaramouche" gives the keynote of Andre-Louis' character—and it is the keystone of the entire romance:

"He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad."

This suggests his illegitimacy and the arrogance that made him feel that *he* was sane and the world at odds. It embodies a philosophy as well as a mystery. And until Andre-Louis finds tolerance and heart in the crucible of experience there is no deviation from the satiric mentality or his conviction that the world—instead of himself—was mad.

And, speaking of characterization: Sabatini has left indelibly impressed on the public mind many of the actors in "Scaramouche." There is the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr, a villain of such vindictiveness that it is difficult to find his equal in convincing melodrama. Yet he is also endowed with qualities of honor and heroism that make

him almost equally distinctive with Andre-Louis. He is typical of the age in which he lived, a noble who was intolerant, licentious, physically graceful and intellectually brilliant; a tower of strength, a terrible foe; a man to be admired as well as feared. Humane in every sense, not a monster of iniquity with no redeeming traits such as one frequently sees in fiction. Then we have the ferocious Polichinelle, of the Binet troupe; the obese Binet; the seductive Clime; the gross, unjust, ridiculous de Lesdiguières; the charming, teasing, rollicking, somber, girlish Aline; and Andre-Louis, intense, lithe, theatrical, brainy—lawyer, actor, politician, orator, swordsman—a "hero" in the best sense of the word, in that the flaws in his character are of a type we know and understand by everyday contact with our fellows—though inherent in none of us, of course! And his merits are those that we can appreciate and encompass without straining the imagination. He is virile—"almost ugly"—and reacts to any given situation about the same as any of us would react. He is not hackneyed, knock-kneed, saint or sinner—any more than any of the rest of us. The big difference is that he lived in stirring times, and helped with the stirring in a manner that was singularly potent and consistent with his nature.

An Old Bookstore

BY CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

DOWN well-worn steps, some books beside its door,
There was a little shop wherein were sold
Odd tomes, rare pamphlets, volumes new or old,
Books which by candlelight folks pondered o'er,
The kind our fathers read in days of yore.

Books on religion, books on love and lore,
Burns, Bunyan, Bacon, Milton, Shakespeare, Swift;
Books richly printed, books that were a gift,
Gray, Goldsmith, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Moore.

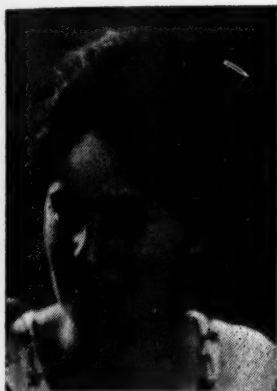
Books which by candlelight folks pondered o'er,
Pope, Dryden, Scott, De Quincey and Defoe;
Keats, Bryant, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Poe—
A world of books within that little store!

No well-worn steps, no well-remembered door;
No longer do we see that old bookstore.

How to Use the Rhyming Dictionary

Useful and Practical Hints for Versifiers—An Article That Gets Down to "Cases" and Shows the Way to Put the Distinctive Touches Into Our Lines

By Hazel Harper Harris



HAZEL HARPER HARRIS

EVERY writer of poetry should possess a rhyming dictionary. Not only does the dictionary give the meanings of words and a list of perfect rhymes, but it gives lists of allowable rhymes with citations from well-known authors to substantiate them.

In ordinary dictionaries words follow each other in alphabetical order according to their initial letters; in a rhyming dictionary we are chiefly concerned with the end of a word, hence words are found according to their last letters. Suppose we want to find the word *dim*. We first look in the "m's" instead of the "d's," then find the "im's," etc. When we have found this word it is in proximity to other words ending in "im" and this is a great advantage since these other words suggest rhymes and lead our thoughts into various channels. In the dictionary that the writer consults most are thirty-one words ending in "im." Not all of them, however, are rhymes for *dim*, because some words, such as *maxim*, are not accented on the last syllable.

For further information we turn to "im" in the index at the end of the book and find a list of perfect rhymes, including those ending in "imn" and "imh," such as *limn* and *limb*, that were not given in the other list because of their spelling.

Suppose, for instance, that we are writing about the twilight *dim*—a delicious sound combination. Now just for fun let us use the list of rhymes to call up as many fancied

ideas concerning the topic as we have members of the "im" family. We find the list begins with *brim*. We look back at this word to be sure of its meaning and find, *brim*: lip, bank of a fountain, edge. Very well, we can speak of the fountain's *brim*. Next comes *grim*—the mountain *grim*; *him*—there is always a hint of romance behind this word—awaiting *him*; and so on through the lake's *rim*; where swallows *skim*; the poplar *slim*; the hedgerow *trim*; the zephyr's *whim*; the primrose *prim*; the shadow of a long-dead *limb*; the spires that *limn* the violet-tinted sky, with *cherubim* and *seraphim* if we want to soar still higher! This illustration serves to show the various ideas in connection with one word that the rhyming dictionary may engender.

Suppose, however, that we do not want to say any of these things in the poem we are writing, but wish to tell of the gleam of lights in little new-born houses at twilight time. The dictionary gives *gleam* as an allowable rhyme. Personally I do not like to use allowable rhymes; it is like making cake with lard when there is plenty of good butter in the pantry.

THE great advantage of a rhyming dictionary is the broadening and enriching of thought. Let us take a few examples to illustrate this. Suppose we are describing a room and have written the line, "The beauty of a mellow-toned brocade." We have in mind *fade* and *braid*, associate ideas with the brocaded cloth and we may bring in the thought that time has faded the colors into a harmonious blending. This, however, is merely a repetition of thought, since *mellow-toned* already gives this idea. This is exactly why so much mediocre poetry is written, rhymesters simply use the first rhyme that presents itself with its accompanying thought, instead of looking further to see if

some richer idea cannot be utilized. Perhaps the first rhyme our thoughts suggest is the clearest, and best presents the idea we wish to convey; then we shall use it, but we must make sure that its accompanying thought is really what we wish to say instead of merely using the word as a convenient rhyme. We look through the rhyming list of words ending in "aid" and "ade," together with such verbs as obeyed. Our thought is arrested by the word *jade* and memory leaps to a beautiful jade candlestick once seen in a curio shop. With attention to "t's" and "l's" in the line to give height to our candlesticks, we finally write "To match the two tall candlesticks of jade." The room immediately takes on a definite color-tone, besides being further furnished.

Again, we are describing the haunting blue of a girl's eyes. In depicting her elusive smile we have written the line, "Tonight the starlight sifts through the shadowy leaves," and the construction of the verse is such that we must use an expression that rhymes with leaves. We wish to convey the idea of the gleam of blue through quick-lifted eyelashes wet with tears. The associate idea grieve first presents itself and we write, "The sudden gleam of blue from eyes that grieve." We are not satisfied: the line is not especially rich in tone-color and it does not express our exact meaning. We consult the list and the word *interweave* puts our fancy to work and we think of blue flowers, gentians, morning-glories, forget-me-nots, wet with dew—the blue that fairies interweave, but this word picture does not give the notion of the sudden lifting of eyelids that has so haunted us. (Perhaps for a time we are a repentant lover.) We look further and find *eaves*. At first we see no connection, then we remember the raindrops on the eaves. We look out of the window, whether real or imaginary makes no difference, and suddenly a red bird takes wing, giving us a flash of red. We have it now—why not a bluebird? And we write joyously,

A bluebird flashed from near tear-bordered eaves

To lend the azure of your eyes again.

A rhyming dictionary not only insures ac-

curacy, saves time, broadens and enriches thought, but it lends variety to rhyme. Who has not tired of *fair, air, meet, sweet*, and kindred everyday rhymes? How refreshing to find odd rhymes that arrest the attention and enrich the thought. The writer has made a list of the (to her) most pleasing rhymes that she has used lately: *labyrinths, hyacinths; memories; fragrances; gladioli, ivory; sky-daring wing, remembering; anemone, revery*. We may vary the monotony of monosyllabic rhymes by using monosyllables with trisyllables or polysyllables, such as *dull, crucible; flings, glimmerings*. The writer once wrote a sonnet on a dignified theme and for a long time could not discern what was wrong with it, but at last discovered that she had used such short, inconsequential words as *be, see, me, free* in the rhyme scheme, while all the time the rhyming dictionary gave a whole page of words that rhyme with *be*, including such dignified words as *gravity, maturity, sympathy, solemnity, tranquillity, and chastity*.

A RHYMING dictionary may be used to increase the vocabulary. Many interesting family games may be devised in which to pass winter evenings in a very profitable, entertaining way, as children of all ages may participate. Poets should especially study the dictionary to augment their vocabularies. Try taking a certain section, such as the "im" section referred to in the beginning of this article, and make a sentence with each word that will express a beautiful thought, a new thought, an apt comparison, endeavoring to use words rich in tone-color, letters that repeat and vary each other, then when you are writing a poem you will find that you have many polished stones to fit into your diadem.

Words are such wonderful things! Think what we can do with them. Let us become masters of them that we may build stone structures of them, turn them into roaring, rushing torrents, weave them into tapestries, fashion tender wind-tilted flowers, and give to famished souls thoughts clothed in such beauty and majesty that they will feel as if standing on holy ground—ushered into the very presence of God.

Theme in Article-Writing

All Forms of Composition Alike in Fundamentals; What the Writer May Learn From the Composer of Music, or From the Artist, in Getting One Idea Over Effectively.

By Arthur Hawthorne Carhart



ARTHUR H. CARHART

the same rhythm and relatively the same intervals between notes as the first four measures, only in another part of the scale. Turn to pictures. In the corner of the Inness room at the Chicago Art Institute there is a picture called "The Oncoming Storm." In it a great black cloud states the theme. As you look at the picture you see the trees bending, the figure of a man hurrying to get out of the rain, other evidence on every hand of the force back of that cloud. They restate the theme. At the other end of the same room is the famous "Home of the Heron" in which the theme is mystic marshlands and their life. Everything in that whole picture vibrates to the theme.

In the field of landscape architecture, with which art I am most familiar because it is my profession, the presence of theme in a composition is as definite. We have Colonial Gardens, Italian Gardens, and gardens around modified Spanish style houses that have a touch of the Hispanic in them. There must be a central theme, a motif that will carry through and be consistent in the whole composition.

Curiously—probably logically—the purity of the theme, the subservience of all in the composition to that theme, determines to

some extent the strength of the composition. Occasionally one will find a counter theme. For example, in some of our more intricate symphonies there are counter themes directly and effectively opposed to the main theme. But they are secondary to the main one. They are contrast thrown into the composition to strengthen the main idea to be carried by the work.

The rules general to all composition apply necessarily to written composition. Anyone who has written successful fiction knows that there must be some central idea running through the story. It may be a great love, high ideals, moral courage, any worthwhile human attribute. But it must be there in considerable clarity and purity to carry the story; for the theme really does carry the story as surely as it carries the burden of the dainty "Humoresque" or the thundering Hungarian March from "The Damnation of Faust."

THEME in articles—? Yes, indeed! An article must tell something. Unless it does it is so much space squandered. And if it tells something then there is a theme; a motif. No sane editor will consider an article that does not carry some information. Do you recall back in early high school how you wrote "themes"? Well, we cannot get away from some of these fundamentals even when we grow up. Articles are still "themes."

Statement of theme should come early in an article. I have just finished one in the first draft dealing with resort planning to produce efficient outdoor vacations. The first sentence sounds the theme as the first four measures of the "Humoresque" state the music theme or the black cloud of the Inness painting states the picture theme. "The tourist industry is no longer the 'tourist game,' a field of speculation and polite piracy, but it has become within a decade a

business." There is the whole theme of the article in the first sentence.

Here is one fact that having a hundred or so articles sold and published has taught me. You must stick to the theme. You cannot muddle it up. If you start out writing of the cattle situation in Arizona you must not introduce as another major theme a dissertation on the value of pectin in jelly-making. Not in the same article. You have another theme there for another article. You must stick to the main theme and stick to it hard. You have to restate it. Repetition is one of the most valuable of tools in the hands of the article-writer.

As my next article for *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST* is going to tackle that great tool (or pitfall) of the nonfiction writer and haul that quiet giant out before the public, it must be passed over now. But it is worth noting nevertheless that restatement of theme calls for adroit repetition.

Of course, first must come the selection of theme. Pick something that is clean-cut, of interest, something different, if you can. Not only will the editor be more likely to take it, but it will be of more value to your reader. It will be more thoroughly informative. Then state that theme just as clearly as you can.

PRIMARY statement of theme may be made by any of the methods of starting a nonfiction composition which were described in a previous article on "The Take-off." The simple sentence is very effective; a direct statement of what you propose to discuss. Statement of theme by inference is perhaps not as strong but may have the value of being a better form of opening the article. *Outdoor Recreation* used an article on pack trips which started out with a description of what grief a Memphis tourist had in hazing a cranky old pack mare down the side of the mountains above Glenwood Springs, Colorado. It was not so direct a statement of theme as if the first sentence

had said, "Now we are going to discuss pack trips as an institution." But there was no question but that pack trips were the basis for the article when one had finished the first paragraph.

A good description of whatever is under discussion may be the best method of theme statement. In translating the Inness picture into prose the theme statement might read something as follows: "The tops of the trees whipped and nodded before a gust of wind. Deacon Rath hurried from his hayfield seeking shelter. The sky to the eastward was covered by a flying veil of gray cloud, whipped and torn by wind currents of the higher air lanes. In the west, beyond the village church, a sullen, heavy cloud was boiling up from the horizon. Its body was shot with leaping lightning and it was charged with rain ready to spill. A storm was certain to visit the village within a few minutes." This prose statement might be a very effective beginning for an article on the work of the Weather Bureau, or one concerning the effect of thundershowers on crops or souring milk, or it might be the beginning of quite a lengthy and interesting discussion about the so-called rainmakers who for some years have operated in show-erless sections.

No matter how you state the theme, make it definite, then stick to it. Restate it from all angles, but restate it always as principal theme. It has been my experience that, no matter how long the article, you can get over only one idea effectively in one fact-writing of the type. You can present two or more closely allied ideas, but you must effectively put over with the reader what you start out to present when you get one fairly large idea and then hammer at it over and over again, restating the theme in every portion of the article as the theme of the "Humoresque" is restated time after time. We do not tire of that restatement when it is done artistically.

To err is human, but don't be too human in this respect.

Words, mere words! How dangerous they are in the hands of the unskilled!

See, think and feel even more than you attempt to express.

Homer nods, of course, but not so often as some careless writers of today.

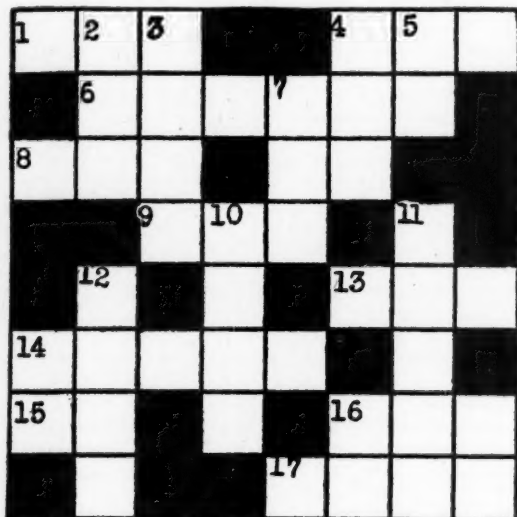
The Barrel

Out of Which Anything May Tumble

A Crossword Puzzle for Writers

BY HERBERT PRESTWOOD

*Howard R. Marsh Discusses
"Placing Your Big Story"*



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Used on your typewriter (or should be).
- 4 Something all writers need.
- 6 Oh, why will editors do this?
- 8 Something they're always having in England (according to fiction).
- 9 Initials of famous modern writer, deceased.
- 13 A liquid you'll find much mentioned in the old time tales.
- 14 A rare object, bringing much joy.
- 15 First two letters in the title of a housekeeping publication.
- 16 And so forth.
- 17 The heroine of nearly every sex story has one.

VERTICAL

- 2 What you arouse in the editor's breast with a very punk MS.
- 3 Shakespeare wrote a play about this guy.
- 4 What you think the editor's heart must be made of when he sends back your pet story.
- 5 Initials of a tale by Charles Dickens.
- 7 Every story is supposed to do this some time.
- 10 What a struggling poet's overcoat is popularly supposed to be in.
- 11 Supplied with plenty of these, you're "sitting pretty."
- 12 Writers usually talk this when they meet.
- 14 Initials of a farm publication (Curtis Pub. Co.).
- 16 First two initials of a southern author (not living) famous for his weird tales.

Solution next month.

Dear Hawkins:

"Dead Stories," telling how Warren Hastings Miller breathes life into corpses or else buries them deeply, as printed in the January number of *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*, is a fair enough description of what all writers go through with a certain number of their manuscripts. Rather a broadside, perhaps, ranging from the philosophy of writing to its carpentry, but provocative, nevertheless. We all must rewrite some stories, inter others. But he has neglected, if I read aright, the Big Story every writer produces once in a blue moon. What about that story? The one which the author knows is a darb, but which does not sell?

Maybe my experience will encourage the fellow who has the Big Story tucked away, the fellow who swallows painfully every time he sees one of his lesser efforts in print, knowing that his masterpiece is doomed to oblivion.

"Of course my best stories will never be printed." Maybe there was once an author who didn't say that; he is not among my acquaintances. Frankly, I chanted the refrain as loudly as any. But I have learned better. And, to repeat, my experience with the stories which I *knew* were just as well done as I could do them, my Big Stories which went from market to market and came home more and more frayed, may restore the confidence of other writers in their big efforts.

Case One (Miller deals clinically): A story which I wrote three years ago. I knew it was my best story; I expected it to be taken by the "highbrows of magazinedom" (Miller again) immediately. It went the rounds. I reread it and sent it out again, to a group less highbrow. Then I had it copied and sent it to the highbrows again. I knew it was a good story, but wasn't quite so confident of its success by now. "Of course my best stories will never be printed." It was returned promptly, sometimes with "let-him-down-easy" letters, more often naked. Then I tried the cheap, very cheap group. By now it had to be copied again, but I couldn't bring myself to change a dozen words. Back it came, and I put it away, utterly discouraged. A prize contest came along and I pried it out of the dust and submitted it. The story received favorable notice, but the magazine offering the prizes blew up. I got out the carbon copy and read the story again. When I finished, I marveled at its worth. Again I had it transcribed and sent it to *Collier's*. Very soon came back one of the most enthusiastic letters I have been privileged to receive and a check equally enthusiastic. That story had been out thirty-one times, three times to the magazine which finally purchased it.

Understand, please, that I don't advise authors to ship manuscripts back to magazines which have rejected them. No, not once in forty times. But

when one has a story which he knows is good, which he knows is in line with the magazine's policy, one of which he thinks: "Exactly what *The Scrapbook* wants," then he may be entitled to try it a second time on *The Scrapbook*. The reading staff occasionally slips, the supply of stories on hand varies, and the policy may change ever so slightly, slip over the margin which makes a previously doubtful story acceptable.

But to cases again. Case Two: A brief fantasy, my one near approach to the prose-poem. Aimed at the "highbrows"; returned; reread (not rewritten): recopied, returned. Out it went again. My faith in that story was great; again I knew I had really created something. But twenty-eight editors didn't think so. The twenty-ninth did, and I know of no magazine in the country in which I would rather have had that particular story appear than in *The Independent*.

Case Three: Here we get into the class of popular stories. This one happened to appeal to me as being well done. Lord knows I have recopied, rewritten, revamped a dozen times similar stories and ultimately sold them. But this one didn't need rewriting—just didn't need it. It made thirty-two trips (my high record in manuscript postage), and sold to the magazine which had seen it first, nineteenth and thirty-second. Again, I was confident of that story.

Case Four: Similar to Case Three, except that it only went out twenty-one times, and then sold to the magazine for which it was actually written and which refused it the first time. Not a word of change. Cases Five and Six are almost identical; in fact I could probably cite ten or a dozen cases in which stories sold on their second or third trip to the magazine for which they were originally intended. That seems like a good many, yet of the two hundred stories I have sold it is a small percentage. Compared to the stories I have rewritten it is small, too.

Get me clear in this: I am not advising against rewriting manuscripts as often as they need it, and heaven knows I am not urging writers to bombard an editor with the same stories again and again. I know of nothing which will make a writer much more unpopular. What I am trying to do is to restore the confidence of writers in that Big Story; you know, the one that comes two or three times a year, the one that the author reads over with a surge of exultation. That story will sell. If it doesn't need rewriting, don't touch it. Eventually it will reach the right editor of the right magazine. About that time the writer can send in his resignation to the great "My-best-stories-are-never-printed" chorus.

Sincerely,

HOWARD R. MARSH.

Terracina, Redlands, Calif.

Editor Replies to Plagiarism Discussions

My Dear Mr. Hawkins:

Referring to Bittner's article on plagiarism and the comments upon it by Warren Hastings Miller and Chauncey Thomas, may I have space to say that in the editorial office the plagiarist is much more an annoyance and a humiliation than a men-

ace? There is, as far as I know, no such animal as the "plagiarist hound," nor a blacklist. Now and then a magazine does receive word that so-and-so has received a check for someone else's work—but into the files such letters go, and we never think of looking over the mail to see if the work of someone called a plagiarist is contained in it. There's no time; and the chap's next story may and probably will be original.

On the other hand, I wish plagiarism were impossible. I agree heartily with Mr. Thomas and Mr. Miller that the fundamentals of human experience are common property. When an interesting source book is published it is not unusual to get a number of stories from different men, all based on exactly the same facts, and all quite different. Billy the Kid and the exploits of the buccaneers have been written hundreds of times, and no editor objects as long as an author uses the known facts as the starting point for his own imaginative synthesis. But—when an editor has published a story and discovers from the protests of readers that it has been copied word for word from a rival magazine, when an author in whose integrity the editor trusts submits a story which follows every elaborate twist and ramification of an involved and detailed plot published two months previously, when one writer's characteristic tricks of style appear in the work of another—well, plagiarism may be impossible, but there's a nigger somewhere in the woodpile.

Plagiarism is difficult to detect and often impossible to prove, but if editors call the practice felony and speak of it in violent language, we do so as much to protect our authors as ourselves. Everyone is writing these days, and there are many amateurs determined to get into print at all costs. If they believe that plagiarism is impossible and that it is all right to take anything they wish, magazines are going to receive stories with about as much originality as there are impurities in Ivory soap. I think plagiarism can be defined as the duplication of anything which an author has added to known facts or an imitation of the manner in which they are presented. It is much more a question of how the property was obtained than what it consists of, but then, so is burglary.

Sincerely yours,

RALPH R. PERRY,
Assistant Editor, *the Frontier*.

From the Editor's Mail

THIS from an author well known in the magazine field, whose stories will appear during 1925 in *Pictorial Review*, *Delineator*, *Popular*, *Elks*, *McCall's*, *Collier's*, and other publications:

Dear Mr. Hawkins:

I am glad to enclose my check for a renewal of my subscription to *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*. I have subscribed for it ever since it was a little beginning pamphlet at, I believe 25 cents a year, and I have been glad to see it grow into the best trade journal for writers.

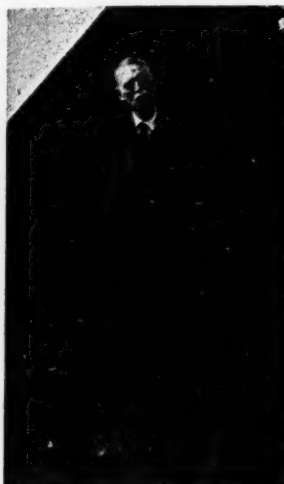
I find it stimulating and informative; the Handy Market List is invaluable.

Sincerely,

ROBERT McBLAIR.

A Veteran Short-Story Writer

BY PAUL DE LANEY



FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS has been writing short-stories for fifty years, and is still writing them. He had just finished his five-hundredth story for one publication alone — *The Youth's Companion* — when he stepped out of his tent and stood for the snapshot herewith reproduced. Like most men of genius he has his idiosyncrasies, and this is the first picture, or among the first, that he ever stood for.

I had been reading his stories for at least forty years and then lost track of him and thought he was dead. After coming from Denver to the San Joaquin valley, California, I noticed in a local paper that Franklin Welles Calkins was my neighbor, and was still writing. I lost no time in locating him and making a call. He was found in his tent, writing short-stories. I made a date later and called just as he had finished the five-hundredth story, and my wife took a snapshot of him.

He and his aged mother live in a cottage near the tent, but he says he cannot write a line when conscious of the presence of anyone, even his mother. He carefully closes the flaps of the tent, lights a lamp, and then with a lead pencil he writes his stories, later handing them over to his stenographer.

He has lived in a tent from young manhood. He began writing stories in a tent in the Black Hills country fifty years ago, and thinks the tent habit spoiled him so that he cannot write otherwise. During most of his life in the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana, he lived neighbor to Indians, and he speaks half a dozen Indian tongues, and knows the life of the West in all its forms.

He has made his living and supported his mother with his pencil—he has made fifty thousand dollars or more in this way. He figures that, besides his earnings from the five hundred stories for *The Youth's Companion*, he has about doubled that income from other sources in the writing line. He has written stories for many other publications, and has written three volumes—"The Wooing of Tokala," "Two Wilderness Voyagers," and "Mine Host the Enemy." He is in "Who's Who" and is a member of several literary societies, including an exclusive honorary membership in a London, England, literary society.

"The gospel of taking pains is one of my slogans, and I practice it yet," says Mr. Calkins. "I rewrite some of my short-stories seven or eight times yet. I know just as well when one will not go as does the editor. Sometimes I get in a hurry

and send a doubtful one away, but it comes back with a rebuke. The editor tells me that I knew that I had not put my best into it, and then I get down and fix it up right and send it back, and then comes the check!"

Mr. Calkins says the literary game is improving. Fifty years ago he got only twenty-five dollars on an average for his stories. Now he gets better than one hundred dollars a story. He has been a lawyer, railroad contractor, and real estate broker, but always has fallen back into short-story writing. He says that when one has the "itch" for writing he might as well yield and stick to it, that he will win in time, and get the thrills if not financial fame.

Notes on English Markets

By ERIC SAMUEL

(All addresses are in London)

Answers, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street. Short paragraphs of general interest are paid for at fair rates. A couple of hundred words will not be too much, if the matter is suitable. A striking style is not favored. Plain, grammatical English is the only way to land here. Articles can be about odd customs and queer ways of doing things. Cookery hints are made up by the staff. Stuff can easily be hashed together from reference books, and a good many English hack journalists earn their steak-and-chips living in this way. Half a guinea is paid for only part of a column. Nothing dull is taken. Facts must be unusual, and the treatment clear. For the serial story, good prices are given, and there is more scope for originality than in the daily papers.

Tit Bits, 11, Southampton Street. Contributions used are similar to the above, though somewhat easier in style; let in a bit more breeziness to land in this weekly. Vivid accounts of famous murders were formerly accepted, and the choicest of the American life-nickers might possibly be accepted, if there was a mystery connected with the deed, and a lot of sleuthing by the 'tects. Freak items are taken; these must be free from slang. The fee for the weekly story is not at all good, and the standard is consequently low. In the old days, sharp youths used to earn half guineas for third-of-a-column, and less, articles on stamp collecting and birds' nesting, and even now, the same plain style goes; elegance sends the manuscripts flying wastepaperbasket-wards.

Blackwood's Magazine, 37, Paternoster Row. To land with this monthly, work must have style and polish, which comes from constant practice. Amateur authors cannot hope for success here; even veterans will find a certain difficulty in reaching the requisite standard. Plot alone is useless. It must be backed by smooth narrative style. Original yet not actually eccentric plots are sought after, and fees are good. The magazine costs seven and sixpence, and must naturally give finished work in return.

Chambers' Journal, 38, Soho Square, W.1. If anything, still greater perfection in style is required than in the above. It may help to bear in mind that old-fashioned, snuffly gentlemen probably still form a substantial proportion of its readers, and must therefore be suited with tales ap-

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Edited by J. BERG ESENWEIN

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Printing Department

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

1835 Champa Street,

Denver, Colorado.

pealing to their Victorian ideas of elegance of style. The stories must, however, be modern both in style and setting. The average yarn is useless. An indefinable poise must stamp any submissions as those of an experienced writer. Ten thousand words is near the limit.

The New Leader, 2, Carmelite Street. Labor stories are the goods. (The English spelling is "labour.") Yet they must be modified by sound style and a serious presentment, so as to appeal to dead-earnest trade unionists. As the paper costs only twopence, payment for work printed is moderate.

Weekly Westminster, Tudor Street. Here is a market for dialect yarns—not American slang, but preferably English jargon, which must be modified and watered down to suit average clerk and shop-walker intelligence, as well as drain-pipe-overseers' intelligence, and roadmenders' braininess. The length should not exceed two thousand words, and half that is better. Nature stories are also taken, with an appealing presentation of some animal problem. Snakes, rats, and any repulsive animals are naturally disliked, and to land, this must be constantly borne in mind.

English Review, 18, Bedford Square, W.C.1. This is a difficult market. While style is essential, construction must be above the average to get the editorial check book into action. Four thousand words is the length favored.

John o' London's Weekly, 11, Southampton Street, W.C.2. One of the Newnes-Pearson group, this has a light, readable tone. Articles may be wide in scope, but American slang damns all chances. Historical stories are often purchased, though the general run of stuff is modern. Get cheerfulness into the articles, and write them so that they may be chopped backwards from the last paragraph, newspaper style, and still keep their complete appearance.

A number of children's magazines offer markets for brief anecdotal or informative articles. There are countless things to write about: For example, a 300-word article on rubber, telling of its source, manufacture and uses, sold, as have many like articles on cotton, sugar, paper, leather, the origin of printing; different kinds of woods, pine, hemlock, maple, etc., their uses and manufacture; the different kinds of roofs in the world, stone, wood, straw, etc.; the materials used in the telephone and their sources, and other educational material. Little articles of this type usually bring rates of about half or three-quarters a cent a word. When the knack has been cultivated they can be easily and quickly written. Following are some of the markets to which they appeal: *Child's Gem*, Nashville, Tenn.; *Farm and Home*, Springfield, Mass.; *Girl's World* and *Junior World*, 1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; *Kindergarten Primary Magazine*, Manistee, Mich.; *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston; publications of the David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, Ill.; *Picture World*, 1816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; *Sunbeam*, 1319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia; *Sunshine*, 1228 Spruce Street, Philadelphia; publications of the Pilgrim Press, Boston, Mass.; and in fact, the majority of juvenile periodicals.

The Wit-Sharpener

A Monthly Exercise in Plot-building—Prizes for the Best Developments

DESPITE the fact that the March Wit-Sharpener problem was misstated, practically all contestants "got the idea" and handled the plot accordingly. The last paragraph states: "If Trimball tells the captain of the secret water supply—he will be a traitor to his own race." It should have read: "If Trimball does not tell the captain," etc.

The problem follows:

Luke Trimball, a prospector of the early days, strikes water instead of gold in the foothills of Arizona. This discovery, if made public, will break a long, waterless trek in the desert. Trimball decides to homestead the location and sell water to immigrants. He goes to town, files his papers and on the way back to the well, is stricken with acute illness as a result of the "thirty rod" whisky he drank while in the city.

Lying helpless and in agony, he is found by a band of Indians fleeing from U. S. soldiers. The aborigines are in desperate haste, both because of the pursuing troops and because it is sixty miles to the nearest known water. Squaws and papooses are in the party. The redskins are about to scalp Trimball when their leader recognizes Luke as an old friend with whom he had smoked many pipes. This recognition saves the prospector's life. He is packed on one of the Indian sledges and ministered to by the squaws. The act of humanity, however, so delays the fugitives that cavalry comes in sight.

The warriors are forced to abandon their families and Trimball, who has been relieved by emetics provided by the Indian women. In gratitude for their kindly act, before they leave, Trimball tells them where to find his well. The braves will be able to make a stand at the water-hole—which is naturally fortified for their kind of warfare. The soldiers, not expecting resistance until such time as they may have the Indians cornered, will ride into the trap.

The soldiers ride up and the captain—a grizzled, hard-boiled regular army man—stops to quiz Trimball and draw what conclusions he may from the presence of the squaws and papooses.

If Trimball tells the captain of the secret water supply—where the Indians will be refreshed, and deployed to slaughter their enemies, or prepared successfully to withstand a siege, he will be a traitor to his own race—and undoubtedly get into a lot of trouble besides. On the other hand, if he betrays the Indians who have helped him in his extremity, he is devoid of honor, and will be marked for Indian massacre.

How shall Trimball handle this situation?

First prize in the contest is awarded to Mrs. Jessie Armstrong Crill, Anaheim, California. Mrs. Crill, an author of successful fiction, has appeared as laurel-gatherer in former Wit-Sharpener contests. Her solution seems to handle all points in the premise nicely and has an epilogue that adds a professional touch to her contribution.

First Prize Winner:

Trimball says to the captain, "Yes, I know where the Indians lie in wait for you. You and your handful of men haven't a chance if you ride into their trap."

Captain demands to know the spot, that not a moment may be lost. Trimball staggers to his feet, and looks the man in the eye. He says, "Those savages stopped at the risk of their lives and doctored me as I lay here in agony. Do you think I'd be such a skunk as to betray them? Shoot me if you damn please, but I won't squeal."

There is a parley. The cavalry is unable to pick up the Indians' trail owing to drifting sands completely obliterating it from sight. Then Trimball is lifted to saddle, and they start across desert. They get lost—water supply gives out—horses are ready to die of exhaustion. They appeal to Trimball. He drives a bargain. "You spare the Indians, and I'll lead you to water!"

The desert is "home" to Luke. He soon finds his new waterhole. He goes ahead as emissary, and Indians ride away to their squaws. Luke is adopted by tribe. Luke is old now, and loves to tell this tale in the bunkhouse. When any young "squirt" tries funny remarks, "That must 'a' been some bellyache, eh, Dad Trimball?" Dad withers him by throwing back his shirt with a magnificent air and displaying the spread eagle tattooed upon his chest, by his redskin brothers.

The second crown of triumph is handed herewith to Mr. Sol Katz of New York—not on the strength of his adherence to the premise, but because it is a clever travesty and judges felt that his satirical humor deserved recognition.

Second Prize Winner:

Trimball, noted in the Wide Open Spaces, where Men are Men and a few are bootleggers, for his nimble brain, excused himself to the captain and walked over to one of the squaws, a fresh, rosy-checked Indian-style flapper, complete with lipstick, and said, "Lizzie Hip-Flask, I love you. I have loved you madly ever since the soldiers arrived a few minutes ago! Will you be mine and marry me?"

Lizzie fell upon his neck, with a regular Old Home Week embrace and let out a war-whoop, which meant "Yes!"

A decrepit medicine man who had stayed with the squaws made them man and wife. This made Lizzie Hip-Flask Trimball an American citizen with full rights and Trimball an Indian-in-law.

He asked the captain to wait and galloped off in his Rolls Rice, with Lizzie, to the waterhole, where the warriors were shooting craps to kill time. He explained the situation to Big Chief Griddle Cake, nee Mulligan, and told him if he fought the Palefaces, he would be fighting his own people, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Hip-Flask Trimball.

Big Chief sent him back to parley with the captain. Arriving at the camp he found the soldiers

playing Mah Jong with the squaws and the captain pitching horseshoes with the medicine man, who had him three up.

Therefore all seemed peaceful and favorable to Trimbull's scheme. He told the captain the Indians would not fight unless they got the moving picture rights for the county. To this the captain agreed and told the cameramen to get ready. The Indians and soldiers attacked each other violently with blank cartridges and lots of smoke and as the scenario called for the Indians' defeat, they were all soon lying asleep on the ground, except a few who were too drunk to obey orders.

Cecil A. West, Pittsburg, California, takes third honors by reason of an unusual twist at conclusion.

Third Prize Winner:

Luke Trimbull faced his biggest problem. His hesitancy brought captain off his horse and, with an oath, he struck Trimbull, who fell—unconscious. Ted Sullivan, youngest member of the cavalry, remonstrated, but protest brought only command that he remain for information on location of Indian camp, while soldiers continued search. Sullivan was to rejoin them later—but never did.

Troops scarcely faded from vision when Indians, raising their voices in war-whoops, returned. They had visited waterhole, but water seemed stagnant; thick scum covered pool and the odor was obnoxious. It was the devil's watering place, poison, dangerous! Trimbull had tricked them. They were back to make him pay with his scalp.

Again the chief interfered—they would put Trimbull to the death he planned for them. He and Sullivan were taken to the pool, both must drink the poisonous fluid.

Sullivan, black sheep in wealthy, aristocratic New England family, sent West to be tamed, had studied geology. He sensed importance in the find. Instead of drinking, he seized a mortar, worn thin from pounding, and puncturing the bottom, clamped it over a spouting vent near pool, a hole opened by Trimbull in probing to increase the water supply. Flint kindled a spark and flames shot several feet into air. The fear of cowering Indians increased when Sullivan skimmed film from water and ignited it by passing it through the flames—the water burned.

Indian fear became worship. Sullivan's family aided him in financing development of richest flow of oil in Arizona-Texas district. Indians and whites now labor together, while mutual understanding supplants cavalry. Trimbull and Sullivan sit behind doors labeled, "Private—Lucas Trimbull, Theodore Sullivan." Chief Owatan guards million-dollar refinery at original "Devil's watering place."

WIT-SHARPENER FOR MAY

THE May Wit-Sharpener is based upon the dramatic human problem submitted by J. W. Wright, prizewinner in a recent contest. Mr. Wright's problem follows:

John Curtiss, assistant cashier of the City National Bank, discovers a shortage on the bank books of \$90,000.

Keeping it a secret, he determines to investigate

point to J. J. Morgan, vice-president of the bank, and father of Gwynfa Morgan, John's fiancée, as it himself. In a few days all evidence seems to the embezzler.

Curtiss, however, continues his investigation and soon finds that his younger brother, Charles, the head bookkeeper, is involved.

John realizes that one man or the other has committed the crime, but the real culprit has covered it so neatly that it is impossible to say which is really guilty.

Is it his brother, whom John loves as only an older brother can love a wild, somewhat ungovernable youth; or is it the father of his sweetheart?

In his study of the books, Curtiss sees that by a few simple changes, he may shift the crime from one to the other. Would it be to the guilty one?

PROBLEM: Develop this situation to an effective conclusion. For the best development a prize of \$5 will be given; for the second best, a prize of \$3, and for the third best, a prize of \$2.

CONDITIONS: The plot outline as completed must contain not more than 300 words, exclusive of the original problem. It must be typed or legibly written. Manuscripts returned only if stamped envelopes are inclosed. Only one solution may be submitted by the same person.

Manuscripts must be received not later than June 1st. Winning outlines will be published in the July issue. Address the Contest Editor.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912,

of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST, published monthly at Denver, Colo., for April, 1925.

Before me, a notary in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Willard E. Hawkins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and manager are:

Publisher, Willard E. Hawkins, 1835 Champa St., Denver, Colo.; Editor, same; Manager, none.

2. That the owners are: Willard E. Hawkins, Denver, Colorado.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLARD E. HAWKINS, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of April, 1925.

LILA G. WATSON, Notary Public.

My commission expires February 25, 1929.

Prize Contests

(Continued from Page 3)

Science and Invention, 53 Park Row, New York, A. P. Peck, associate field editor, sends this: "Regarding our listing in your 'Handy Market List,' we would advise as follows: All contributions published in the pages of this magazine, with the exception of those written by authors under contract, are paid for under the rules of our \$12,000 prize contest. The articles appearing in each issue are graded according to their value and according to the information they contain and the prizes are awarded accordingly. Each issue contains a list of the prizes awarded for that issue. What we mostly desire are ideas relating to any phase of science or invention. Since everything in this magazine is published in pictorial form, good photographs are highly desirable and, in any case, clear rough sketches should accompany contributions. They need not be 'finished' in any sense of the word, but must put over the idea in detail. The closing date for our prize contributions is the 15th of the month preceding date of issue. Unacceptable material is returned promptly and payment is made for all published articles shortly after publication. One service that we give to our authors is a brief yet to-the-point comment showing just exactly why the contribution was returned. This of course must be done by means of a printed form because of the volume of manuscripts handled; but we believe that our rejection slip carries with it a message of use to the author."

Brewster Publications, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, announce a contest for six months, offering 105 cash prizes and medals, totaling \$2500, for criticisms in not more than 250 words of any motion picture you have seen. Any number may be sent, in one envelope or separately. No returns will be made. Sign your name and address at the bottom of the page. The right to publish any submitted, whether awarded a prize or not, is reserved, as a professional course of study. The article may be something under way at the present time or something which has been lying untouched on library shelves for years. The length of the article may be from 1000 to 3000 words.

Action Stories and Novelets (now *North-West Stories*), 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, closed the Authors' Popularity Contest April 1. Each month a coupon was printed in the two magazines and readers were invited to vote for the story they liked best. It is interesting to note that practically all the prizewinners are of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST's clientele. We are publishing the list sent to us by J. B. Kelly, editor. First prize, \$500, Walter J. Coburn; 2nd, \$250, Richard A. Martinsen; 3rd, \$100, Cherry Wilson; 4th, \$75, Douglas Durkin; 5th, \$50, Francis James; six prizes of \$25 to Arthur Guy Empey, S. Omar Barker and Dick Halliday, Herman Peterson, W. S. Charles, Anthony M. Rud, Kenneth Gilbert.

The Eugene DuMaurier prize of \$25 is offered through the Order of Bookfellows for the best ballad in English ballad meter submitted by a Bookfellow on or before June 30, 1925. Further information may be obtained from Flora Warren Seymour, clerk, 4917 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago.

Sunset Magazine, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, is offering three monthly prizes of \$5, \$2.50 and \$1.50 for the best jokes, funny stories or jingles appearing on its humor page. Contributions are limited to 100 words. One dollar will be paid for each acceptable contribution that is not a prizewinner.

Saucy Stories, 45 W. Forty-fifth Street, New York, offers three prizes, \$25, \$15 and \$10, for the best opinions on the character of the two women in the story, "Scarlet Wives," by Peggy Gaddis, printed in its May issue. All letters should be in the hands of the Prize Editor, on or before May 30, 1925.

The American Art Student and Commercial Artist, New York, announces a prize contest for the best symbol that signifies Peace and that can be used on a button, a seal, a letterhead and in general. One hundred dollars will be given for the winning design by the National Council for Prevention of War, 532 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C., to which all communications should be addressed. Probably the most resultful symbol would be one that has historically somewhere and somehow stood for Peace. A contestant may send in any number of symbols. If more than one contestant sends in the winning symbol, the one first received will be awarded the prize. The judges will be Delcevere King, of Boston, who suggested the contest and donated the prize, and Frederick J. Libby and S. E. Nicholson, secretaries of the National Council. This contest will close at midnight, International Goodwill Day, May 18, 1925.

The Journalism Bulletin, University of Illinois, Urbana, announces a prize of \$25 for the best article on research in journalism, historical or contemporary, published in *The Bulletin* during 1925 and written by a journalism student in any college or university where journalism is taught.

Motion Picture Classic, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, a Brewster publication, offers \$1 each on publication for accounts in not more than 100 words, preferably less, of "Your Greatest Movie Thrill," announcing that it will print from four to ten a month. It announces that it does not matter how long ago you saw the movie that gave you the thrill.

The Pathe Exchange, Inc., 38 W. Forty-fifth Street, New York, announces a prize contest, as follows: "We will give \$1500 in cash prizes for the best photos of a typical American family (must include husband, wife, and at least two children—other figures optional), together with a letter of not over 100 words on the subject, 'Why We Like Patheserials.' Pictures will be judged by good looks, health and character indicated, letters by thought and clearness of meaning, by literary ability. Photo counts 50 per cent, and letter 50 per cent. First prize, \$500; second prize, \$250; third prize, \$100; fourth prize, \$50; 5 next best, \$25; 10 next best, \$15; 20 next best, \$10; 25 next best, \$5. In event of ties, full amount of prize will be awarded each tying contestant. Snapshots, if clear, will be acceptable. All pictures become property of Pathe Exchange and cannot be returned. Contest closes July 1st. Name and address must appear on back of photos and at top of letter. Address Family Photo Contest Editor.

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Mr. Edwin Hunt Hoover

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Author & Journalist Criticisms

are never twice alike. The endeavor in each case is to give the student the kind of help that will fit his case.

The criticism tells the writer whether his conception is worth-while or inferior, and why; whether it is in line with editorial demands and what changes are necessary to bring it into closer conformity with requirements. The plot, characters, style, incidents, introduction, climax, conclusion and other features are discussed, and suggestions for improvement, both general and specific, are made.

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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

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Literary Market Tips

(Continued from Page 2)

Strength, 2741 N. Palethorp Street, Philadelphia, Pa., through its editor, sets forth its wants thus: "A contribution not merely should present facts, but should be interpretative. What do the facts mean, and how do they apply to the personal life of the reader? Material not merely should be instructive, but must be interesting, stimulating and inspirational." The magazine uses health, exercise and general athletic articles. Photographs are much desired.

Outlook, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, writes to a contributor: "We are on the lookout for timely articles of from 1500 to 2500 words in length, which are accurate and appetizing. Sharp, clear illustrations help to make an article acceptable."

Young Israel, Room 10, 1520 Broadway, New York, Elsa Weihl, editor, writes: "We use stories, articles and verse suitable for young readers up to sixteen years of age, and dealing with American history and the celebration of American National holidays. We pay a little less than a cent a word for prose. We use so little poetry that most of it is arranged for. But we are always glad to consider the work of new contributors."

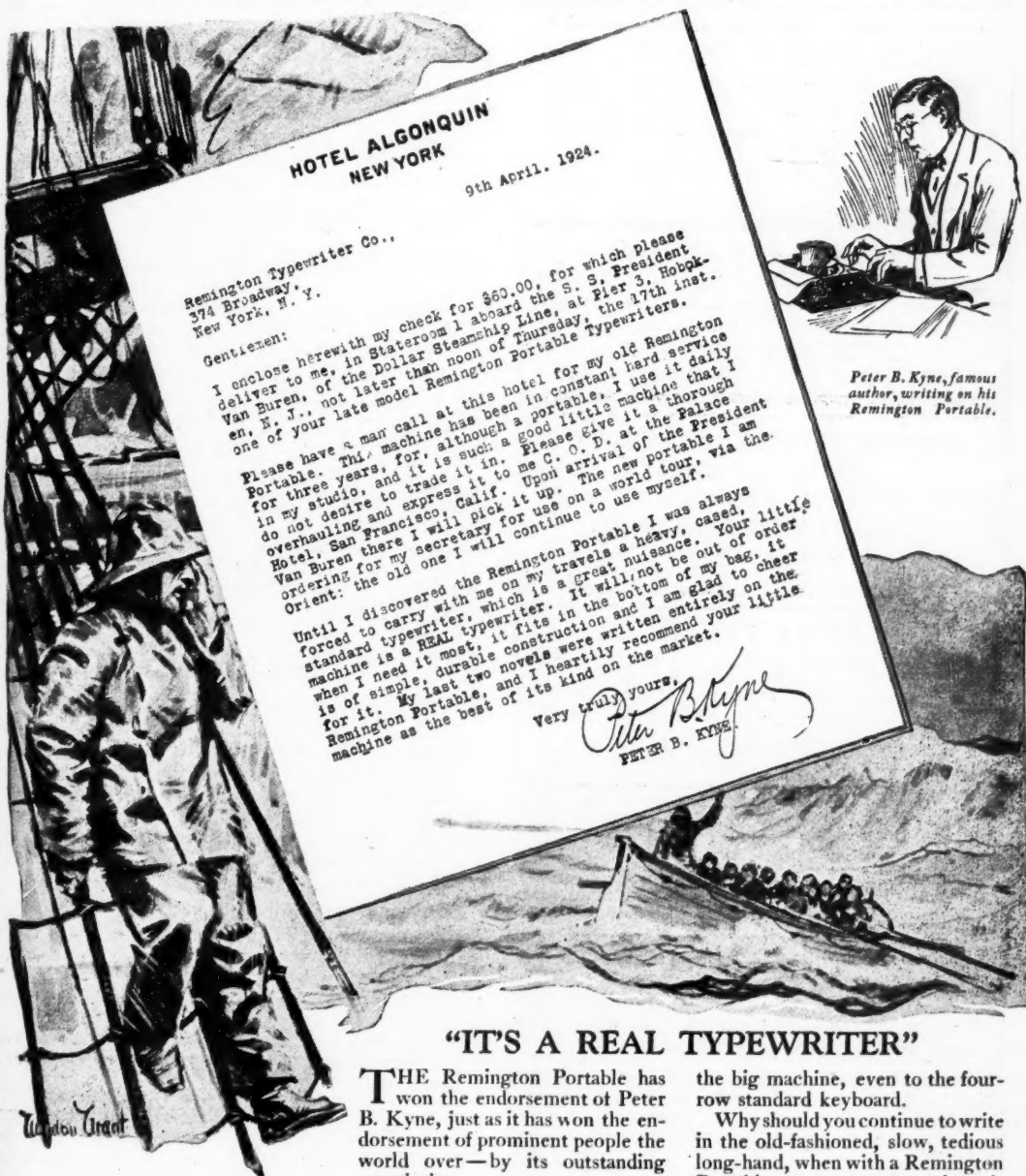
Cross Word Puzzle Magazine, 37 W. Fifty-seventh Street, New York, announces: "We are not in the market for any articles for *Cross Word Puzzle Magazine* at the present time. We do, however, buy original puzzles and will be very glad to have you submit any you may have on hand."

Youth's World, 1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., one of the American Baptist Publication Society's organs, in emphasizing the timeliness and seasonableness of articles, states: "Because of our widespread constituency and method of distribution, we are compelled to go to press weeks in advance of the dates carried by the periodicals."

McNaught's Monthly, Times Building, New York, which has lately increased its size, outlines its needs as follows: "We are looking for short, pungent, informative articles and essays and unusual short-stories. As a rule, no contribution should exceed 1500 words in length." Payment is at a rate of over two cents practically on acceptance (though not until scheduled for publication). The management buys well in advance. Reports are very prompt.

Simon and Schuster, Inc., publishers, 37 W. Fifty-seventh Street, New York, in answer to an inquiry, write: "We have, as you undoubtedly know, a very limited list of books and unfortunately at this time we have all the poetry we can publish until late next winter."

Collegian Campus Comedy, a publication issued bi-monthly at 133 Wooster Street, New York, writes: "Please be advised that we are in the market for humorous stories with a collegiate background. Articles should not exceed 100 words and will be paid for on publication at the rate of 1/2 to 2 cents a word."



**HOTEL ALGONQUIN
NEW YORK**

9th April, 1924.

Remington Typewriter Co.,
374 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

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I enclose herewith my check for \$60.00, for which please deliver to me, in Stateroom 1 aboard the S. S. President Van Buren, of the Dollar Steamship Line, at Pier 3, Hoboken, N. J., not later than noon of Thursday, the 17th inst. one of your late model Remington Portable Typewriters.

Please have a man call at this hotel for my old Remington Portable. This machine has been in constant hard service for three years, for, although a portable, I use it daily in my studio, and it is such a good little machine that I do not desire to trade it in. Please give it a thorough overhauling and express it to me C. O. D. at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Calif. Upon arrival of the President Van Buren there I will pick it up. The new portable I am ordering for my secretary for use on a world tour, via the Orient: the old one I will continue to use myself.

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Illustrated Rural Mechanics, 1411 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Mo., apparently pays at a low rate ($\frac{1}{4}$ cents or less) some time after publication, which is usually from three to four months after acceptance. The editors informed a contributor that a new ruling calls for all material accepted to be illustrated, either by photographs or pen-and-ink drawings. They also ask for photos of "freaks," travel scenes, etc., each with 100 words of descriptive matter, for which they promise to pay \$1 each for all acceptable.

Motor Camper and Tourist, 233 Fulton Street, New York, has paid a contributor \$3 each on publication for short anecdotes or items for its "You Auto Laugh" department.

The New Yorker, 25 W. Forty-fifth Street, New York, appears to be paying good rates on acceptance for short jokes, "odd mistakes," etc. It paid a contributor \$3 for 25 words.

The Beacon, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., "is in need of stories of about 2000 words, for boys and girls between eight and fourteen years," states the editor, Russell Gordon Carter. "Although the rate of payment is low, *The Beacon* offers a good opportunity for new writers."

Musical Life and Arts is a new semi-monthly magazine just issued by the Dawson Richardson Publications, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

Advertising (formerly *Newspaperdom*) has moved from 18 E. Forty-first Street to 250 Park Avenue, New York.

The publications of the Dowst Publishing Corporation which produces *National Cleaner & Dyer*, *National Taxicab & Motorbus Journal*, and *National Laundry Journal*, have been moved from 1018 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, to suite 1918, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York. This is in the Printing Crafts Building at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Clyde Jennings, former editor of *Automotive Industries* and *Motor Age*, is the new editor of *National Taxicab & Motorbus Journal*. In a letter he says: "As I see it now we will make some changes in the nature of contributions. I think that we shall want fewer of the trivial items and more thorough treatment of those we have. Before preparing any long articles or stories, say 500 words or more, I suggest you outline your story and always say what photographs are available and at what cost." Mr. Jennings succeeds J. S. Hagans, who is now editor of the *Yellow Cab & Coach News* and head of the publicity department of the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Co. and associated companies, 5801 Dickens Avenue, Chicago. He will probably be in the market for material. L. A. Gibson, until recently editor of the *Laundrymen's Guide* of Atlanta, becomes editor of the *National Laundry Journal*, succeeding E. A. Morgan. Rates of the Dowst group publications have advanced during the last few months from a scant half cent a word with payment about six weeks after publication to about 1 cent a word payable a couple of weeks after publication.

National Printer-Journalist, 129 Michigan Street, Milwaukee, Wis., John L. Meyer, managing editor, writes: "In our listing in the Handy Market List, I would suggest that you define our needs as newspaper business articles, rather than printing-trade articles. We do cover some phases of the printing trade, but only in relation to the newspaper business.

Judge, 627 W. Forty-third Street, New York, notifies contributors that contributions for "Krazy Kracks" and "Funnybones" will not be returned and that in order for such material, and also crossword puzzles, to receive prompt attention, they should be sent in separate envelopes to the respective editors of the intended departments. All other manuscripts should be sent to the Literary Editor.

Youth's Companion, 881 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass., is now under the management of The Atlantic Monthly Company, 8 Arlington Street, Boston.

The Good Samaritan, Salina, Kansas, Cora May Culver, executive secretary, who wrote last month stating the magazine was in the market for material, is sending the following notice to contributors: "Your manuscript is fine but our board of managers has voted to release all articles because of the fact that many very good items have been submitted for publication gratuitously."

Today's Housewife, 134 E. Seventeenth Street, New York, is the subject of a great many complaints from authors, who have informed us that they are unable to secure the return of manuscripts or replies to letters or telegrams, and in some cases that they have not been paid for material accepted months ago.

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"I have just finished reading your *Conscious Short-Story Technique*, and congratulate you on its excellence and soundness, especially in your insistence upon the folly of 'types' and the sheer necessity for character development."—Charles J. Finger, noted author and editor of *All's Well*.

By A. H. BITTNER, Associate Editor *The Frontier* Postpaid, \$1.10.

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"Written by an editor who buys fiction and not by an author compiling a volume describing what editors may or may not want. Short, sane and sensible."—James Melvin Lee in *Editor & Publisher*.

"If Bittner's stuff had come into my hands years ago when I first tackled the writing game, the way would have been greatly smoothed for me. He makes clear so many things that were a puzzle for me until I worked them out by dint of much experience, particularly in the chapters on 'The Story is the Thing' and 'Action.' They're worth their weight in gold to a young writer, if he'll heed them."—Merlin Moore Taylor, author and editor.

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OTHER RECOMMENDATIONS

Fundamentals of Fiction Writing, Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, editor of *Adventure Magazine*. Aimed directly at the faults which are the chief causes of rejection. Reduces the theory of fiction to the utmost simplicity. Fully understanding the basic idea, "creating the illusion," the author needs no other technique. Postpaid, \$2.15

The Business of Writing, Robert Cortes Holliday and Alex. Van Rensselaer. An especially valuable guide for the young author. Hundreds of practical rules for dealing with editors and publishers. Postpaid, \$2.15

Plotting the Short Story, Culpeper Chunn. A mightily helpful exposition of germ-plots, what they are and where to find them. Contains invaluable "plot chart." Postpaid, \$1.10

The 36 Dramatic Situations, Georges Polti. Catalogues all the possible situations that the relations of life offer the writer. A standard book. Postpaid, \$1.65

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How to Write a Short Story.....	.65

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New England Homestead, Myrick Building, Springfield, Mass., Mary R. Reynolds, associate editor, writes: "I do not seem to be in particular need of anything for the household department. Mr. Sevey says he is well supplied with everything for the farm department except garden material. We use plenty of verse; for this our rate of payment varies with the quality but it is usually around 10 cents a line."

Theosophical Path, Point Loma, Calif., does not pay for material. The editor, Katherine Tingley, advises: "We already have so many voluntary contributions from members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world that we cannot accept other writings."

The Wanderer, Box 891, San Francisco, Calif., a poetry magazine, has been discontinued.

Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, informs a contributor that it "is in the market for short poems, epigrams and jokes of the type already used in *Liberty*. It generally pays on acceptance for such contributions. There is no set rate per word or line. Merit decides the price."

Better Farming, 141 W. Ohio Street, F. L. Chapman, editor, writes: "We are able to use very little material from outside talent." *Better Farming* buys an occasional short-story pertaining to farm life, paying on acceptance at about ½ cent a word.

Aera is a monthly published by the American Electric Railway Association with editorial offices at the Lyon Block, Market Square, Albany, N. Y., and 8 W. Fortieth Street, New York. John W. Colton is editor; C. D. Emmons, chairman of the committee on publication. It prints articles on local developments in the electric railway industry (including the motorbus angle) illustrated by photographs.

Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus Ohio, recently returned photographs for which it had definitely contracted, together with an article which had been accepted one month previously at a stated price. O. Kuechler, the editor, in his second letter stated, "Your article and photos are good, but I must decline them, owing to so much material on hand and continually coming in gratis by our readers."

The Delmarvian Peoples' Magazine is a new publication devoted to the interests of people of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and edited by Lavinia C. K. Roscoe. She writes: "We are in need of clean fiction, verse, and other material, though we are unable to pay for it at present." The address is P. O. Box 12, Dover, Delaware.

True Confessions Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minn., Roscoe Fawcett, managing editor, states: "I am in the market for first-person stories based upon the love affairs and romances of working girls. The romantic element should be handled vigorously but in a manner that will not offend. Stories may run from 2000 up to 6500 words in length, but those around 4500 words are preferred at present. Payment of 2 to 4 cents a word is made immediately upon acceptance."

Correspondence addressed to *Rhythmus*, 902 Bigelow Street, Peoria, Ill., is returned unclaimed.

THE S. T. C. NEWS

A Page of Comment and Gossip About
the Simplified Training Course and
Fiction Writing Topics in General

VOL. 2, No. 5

MAY, 1925

EDITED BY DAVID RAFFLOCK

HAVE YOU SEEN ONE?

Some Remarks About Certain Kinds of Misleading Advertisements

Have you ever seen a gargantuan perissodactyl ungulate mammal of the genus *equus*? No? Well, that is surprising! Even though you may see one every day you may not know what it is, so send for our amazing booklet and after reading it you will be able to recognize a perissodactyl, etc., immediately.

The above polysyllabic words describe nothing other than the horse. The definition as given is used to illustrate the methods followed by some commercial enterprises that purport to teach writers the business of the profession. One school on the Pacific coast offers to help writers with their synopses for *The Liberty* magazine contest.

In its advertisement it warns would-be contestants that though they may have seen and read many synopses it is not at all unlikely that they do not actually know what a synopsis is. The advertisement goes on to state that you may find a story synopsis somewhere or an idea of one, but even that won't help you in preparing or in recognizing a synopsis.

This business of making obscure the most simple matters is what has thrown certain forms of teaching into discredit. The whole subject of the short-story is without difficulty in its understandable qualities. Some instructors in fiction writing have so obfuscated the conception of the short-story as to do considerably more harm than good.

There is no need in calling a horse a gargantuan perissodactyl ungulate mammal when horse will do much better and will clarify one's meaning.

"The Red Lacquer Case," by Patricia Wentworth, Small, Maynard & Co., Boston (\$2.00).

A little red case that would destroy its wonderful formula if opened by one who did not know just how to do it, causes all the fuss in this mystery story. It is interesting after the fashion of tales of this kind and might serve as a pretty good object lesson in building up thrills and sustaining the mystery—but it is all rather attenuated and mechanical. Still, the story is interesting.

They Point the Way

An S. T. C. student recently had the following to say anent the course:

"I judge (from experience) that some of the critics and instructors of story writing grow old in the business, and criticism becomes more or less perfunctory with them. It has not with you."

A Few Words of Gossip With the Editor

With E. Phillips Oppenheim, stories just grow; he does not plot them beforehand. In an interview printed in *The Dearborn Independent* he stated that he cannot work out his plots before beginning to write. An idea begins to haunt him, atmosphere develops and characters begin to shape themselves. Then he "boils over" and begins to write.

"I live in each story," Mr. Oppenheim said, "and with all my characters. I feel their emotions, get excited with them, angry, anxious, happy, miserable, and so on. The whole family knows it when my hero or heroine is in trouble. I find my characters take the bit in their teeth and act for themselves. I cannot plot out my stories. I tried to twice, and failed both times. Once was making a film drama into a novel, and the other a play. It didn't work, and I'm not going to try it again."

Mr. Oppenheim lives in England, near London, does his writing in his summer home in the Riviera overlooking the sea, and dictates his stories. He has published ninety-two books.

Suggestiveness, said John Burroughs, is the essence of a great style. His further comments upon this important phase of writing follow:

"There is a quality that adheres to one man's writing or speaking, and not to another's, that we call suggestiveness—something that warms and stimulates the mind of the reader or hearer, quite apart from the amount of truth or information directly conveyed.

"It is a precious literary quality, not easy of definition or description. It involves quality of mind, mental and moral atmosphere, points of view, and maybe, racial elements. Not every page or every book carries latent meaning; rarely does any sentence of a writer float deeper than it shows.

"A musical composer once said to me that Whitman stimulated him more than Tennyson, because he left more for him to do—he abounded in hints and possibilities that the musician's mind eagerly seized.

"The indirect and elliptical method may undoubtedly be so used as to stimulate the mind; at the same time there may be a kind of inconclusiveness and beating around the bush that is barren and wearisome. Upon the page of the great novelist there fall, more or less distinct, all the colors of the spectrum of human life."

MENCKENISM

The stimulating editorials by H. L. Mencken, one of the editors of *The American Mercury*, are now being syndicated and one does not now have to buy the costly magazine to learn what caustic things he has to say. In a recent article Mencken turned his attention to short-story courses.

To deny the general truth of what he wrote would be pig-headed. But to accept willy-nilly the whole of the article is equal pig-headedness. Mencken says that pedagogues attach too much importance to rules of style; they worry about split infinitives, mixed cases and other "horrors of the schoolmarm." Perhaps this is true and such teaching is deserving of scorn. In another passage he accuses instructors of story-writing of deliberate attempts to confuse the simplicity of natural technique by high-sounding phrases and terms, so as to make it almost beyond the grasp of the average fictional aspirant. There is sufficient truth in this charge, too.

However, the estimable Mencken is guilty of the very dogmatism that he so deprecates in others. "The whole of it (technique) flows easily and obviously out of the form," he says. "First there must be rigid economy of attention; the interest must be concentrated upon one central idea, or one character. Secondly, there must be a clear statement of the theme at the start; the short-story writer, unlike the novelist, cannot waste time preparing his ground and spitting on his hands."

Mr. Mencken is a little too determined about his *musts*; some equal authorities may not agree with him. And it is obvious that after all Mencken does have rules and a conception of technique for the short-story. That he is not teaching them may be due to the accident of his having a different and more remunerative job.

The editor of *The American Mercury* admits that short-story instruction will help writers to "turn out salable fodder" for the news-stand magazines. When he turns his venom upon this type of publication he is blinding himself to the fact that a great many writers want to write this type of story and no other. There may be no connection between the fiction in the "news-stand magazines" and literature, but if this is so then Mencken's lament is even less sensible. Those who wish to enter the *business* of writing have every right to do so without feeling they are violating the morals of the art of writing. To every man his job, and what is the justification for heaping scorn on an honest scrivener for the popular fiction magazines?

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Each manuscript submitted to the agency must be accompanied by a reading fee of \$1.00 for the first 5000 words, 20 cents for each thousand words additional.

In offering this service we do not claim to have any mysterious influence with editors nor do we guarantee the sale of a manuscript. We do have a closer knowledge of the immediate market needs than most writers. We guarantee only to devote honest and intelligent effort to selling manuscripts accepted for that purpose, as promptly as possible.

The reading fee entitles the writer to a brief criticism of his manuscript if it is not accepted for marketing. This service will attempt to market only short-stories, novels and articles which are considered likely to sell. We will not attempt to market verse or photographs. For selling a manuscript 15 per cent of the amount paid by the magazine is charged; minimum commission, \$3.00.

The service is open to non-subscribers as well as subscribers. Address:

AGENCY DEPARTMENT. **The Author & Journalist**, 1835 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

Ziffs, 608 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, J. S. Hart of the staff, writes, in answer to an inquiry as to whether it ever pays as low as 1 cent a word for material: "Our rates are just as we have given them to you, 3 cents a word for long copy, \$1.50 for jokes, 40 cents an average line for poetry, \$5 for color ideas, \$2 for cartoon ideas, \$25 for suggestions for new features, \$3 each for all good dog jokes (of which please notice we are very anxious to secure quite a number). I believe in my last letter I mentioned that the 3-cent rate would be effective the first of March. Previous to that time we paid at a rate of 1 cent a word. I don't know whether or not it is customary for editors to register complaints through your columns, but I should like you to quote me as saying that out of about one thousand manuscripts per week received in this office, from twelve to fifty are received in an illegible and battered condition, which is nothing short of disgraceful. We however give such contributions just as much consideration and a whole lot more of our time as those contributions which are really worthy of note. A good one-third of our contributors fail to enclose stamps, not to mention the conventionally required stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. This is quite an item in itself, but so far we have made no complaint other than a little slip calling their attention to their oversight. While it is true that at one time we were forced to hold manuscripts two weeks owing to moving our editorial offices, we now are pleased to state that manuscripts are returned in most cases the same day they are received. Please note our constant need for humorous material ranging from 100 to 1500 words, as well as jokes and verse and particularly dog jokes, and call the attention of your readers to the fact that very shortly we shall be obliged to discontinue our policy of returning manuscripts not accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes."

McClure's Magazine, which suspended publication for the past eight months, resumed with the May issue from 250 Park Avenue, New York, under the editorship of S. S. McClure. *McClure's* uses short-stories, poems and articles on timely subjects, especially child welfare articles.

Movie Monthly, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., W. Adolphe Roberts, editor, writes: "Will you kindly place *Movie Monthly* under List B in your Handy Market List? The market is very limited, but we pay on acceptance from 1 cent a word up. Our requirements are the same as those of other regular 'fan' magazines."

Beautiful America, 220 W. Forty-second Street, New York, is a new magazine. H. A. Hallenbeck, managing editor, writes: "It is difficult to say just now what we would want in the form of text matter for the magazine, inasmuch as the material has come, in greater quantity than we can find space for. However, if you have any writings descriptive of trips throughout the country or stories relative to points of outstanding historic interest, we will be glad to take them under consideration. Arrangements for payment will be made after the material has been properly considered. Short poems particularly adaptable for use with such pictures as we are using, will be considered."

B. W. Huebsch, Inc., publishers, formerly at 116 W. Thirteenth Street, New York, have moved to 30 Irving Place, New York.

Sunset Point, Clearwater, Florida, "is about to be converted into a monthly under the name of *The Zephyr*, and I desire a few contributions each month," writes the editor, J. B. Paine. "Articles on Florida life, water-front feature articles and one short-story each month with a Florida or tropical setting will be used, accompanied by photos if possible. I will pay one cent a word upon acceptance and usual rate for photos. This publication is owned by a responsible corporation and is not dependent upon its own income for support. I would like to have it placed in your Handy Market List."

Orleans Review, 2231 Calhoun Street, New Orleans, La., James Howard Leveque, editor, states: "*Orleans Review* is a new magazine intended for the pleasure of the general reader. We use fiction of any length. No type of story is barred except the salacious sex. Stories must be well written and full of genuine heart interest. We will also use articles, essays and poems of distinction. We have no preference as regards subject, our sole requirement being that all material must interest the average reader. For the first four issues we will pay on publication." Rates are not mentioned.

The Manuscript is a new magazine devoted to "life and letters," edited by Harry M. East at Creamery, Pa. Mr. East announces he can use some snappy, original stories, articles, poems and epigrams, but does not state methods or rates of payment, or specific types of material desired.

Current Opinion, 50 W. Forty-seventh Street, New York, a monthly magazine of literature, news and comment, established in 1888, is to be discontinued and will be absorbed by the *Literary Digest*, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Health and Beauty Magazine, 64 Greenwich Street, New York, has been discontinued.

Elks Magazine, 50 E. Forty-second Street, New York, has discontinued its Sun Parlor department.

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